225

SIXTH SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

LADIES' AID SOCIETY

OF PHILADELPHIA,

WITH

LETTERS AND COPIOUS EXTRACTS OF LETTERS

FROM THE

Secretary of the Society,

WRITTEN FROM VARIOUS PLACES WHILE ATTENDING TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE UNION ARMY.

PHILADELPHIA:
C. SHERMAN, SON & CO., PRINTERS.
1864.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

SIXTH SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT.

THE Sixth Semi-Annual Report of the Ladies' Aid of Philadelphia is sent forth on its stimulating and comforting errand.

In times like these, when our whole city and State and adjacent States are occupied with the one engrossing object of preparing for a great exhibition and sale, when every department of labor is pressed into the service, and the present and anticipated need of our army and navy are consequently so constantly before the public eye, this reminder would seem almost unnecessary; but as this Association has its place in the field, and has, since its organization in April, 1861, never suspended its work, but continued to pour forth its supplies to the sorrowing and suffering, it becomes its duty to report to those who have enabled it so largely to contribute to the comfort of our soldiers, and by the presentation of facts to stimulate them and others to operate through this noiseless channel. Untrammelled by any machinery, unfettered by any restraints but those which prudence and sound judgment dictate, the "Ladies Aid" has been permitted to "sow beside all waters." A call of distress from any point, or from any lips, is the only signal needed; whether from provost guard at the fort, from the captive in his prison, the soldier on the field, the sufferer in the hospital, the refugee from starvation and death, the Cherokee in his devastated fields, or the contraband in his destitution, all share alike in the sympathy and

aid of this Association. The weekly meetings for work are held on Friday, as usual, when our hearts are cheered by letters from our correspondents and encouraged by the success of our work. Our Secretary, Mrs. Harris, is still laboring in Tennessee, where we left her at the close of the last report. Her duties there have been varied and very responsible, and the character of her work such as to reconcile her to the sacrifice of home, comfort, and almost life, for its accomplishment. The difficulty of transportation to Chattanooga was so great that we found it necessary to send money instead of packages, which will in part account for the small number of boxes forwarded to Tennessee. Others have taken up her work in the Army of the Potomac, to whose applications we have always sent a prompt and cheerful response.

As letters from our agents in the field present the most satisfactory report of our operations, we make the following extracts:

"NASHVILLE, October 17th, 1863.

. . . . Reached this last night; found Sammy at the depot, who gave me the unwelcome intelligence of the non-arrival of the car containing our stores. . . . . Everything wore a gloomy aspect. It was dark; Sammy led me through a dirty alley; it was the "near road" to the house of the Christian Commission. Mrs. B. and Miss T. went to the St. Cloud Hotel, but I needed help and sympathy in regard to our affairs, and so preferred the simple accommodations of the 'Commission.' By the way, the accommodations of the St. Cloud could only boast of a little more dirt, with the addition of faded, tawdry garniture; still it was *the* hotel of the city of the late Ex-President Polk, and the late candidate for that same high position, John Bell, now in rebeldom; and as we had some letters to important personages, it was deemed best to be found at a hotel. I found at my quarters two ladies, one the wife, the other the sister of two delegates of

the Commission, who were for the time nursing their loved ones, one of them having worn himself out, during the summer, in the care of our suffering soldiers. I soon learned that another of the Commission, who had left an interesting church near Pittsburgh with its prayers and blessings fresh upon him, was about putting off his armor. His service among the soldiers was short, but the Master saw it was enough. 'That life is long which answers life's great end.' That same night the Christian soldier, after much suffering from camp fever, went to his reward; not, however, without regret that he was not permitted to labor longer for our brave soldiers and for his God. . . . . Heard with gladness that Colonel Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central, was in Louisville; succeeded in obtaining an interview with him, desiring to ask certain favors of him, without which our work would be greatly embarrassed. He entered with interest into our plans at once, and relieved us of the care of the missing car. . . . . A part of the day was spent in visiting the rooms of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, which we find working, each in their sphere, but harmoniously. They are doing a blessed work.

"*Sabbath.*—Mrs. B. and Miss T. have joined me. A peculiar solemnity rests upon us. The mortal remains only of our departed brother lie near us. . . . . After breakfast we went with the Rev. Mr. Palmer to Hospital No. 9. He preached in the upper ward. I suggested a very short sermon. He told the soldiers of the suggestion, and then asked all in favor of that service to raise their hands. All were motionless. Then all that wished a long service to give the same sign. Up from almost every cot went the arm, and so the worship proceeded; many I trust worshipped in spirit and in truth. Mrs. B. led the music. Learning that some of the poor fellows in the lower ward were bewailing their inability to get up to the meeting, it was suggested that we should have prayer and singing with them. Another touching service, and we left

with a promise to return in the afternoon. Another, I trust, interesting and profitable season. After this we attended a soldiers' prayer-meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church, conducted by the soldiers, full of interest.

"*Monday.*—A telegram from Colonel Scott. Our stores safe, but will be delayed in transit; good when they come. Visited two hospitals; find more Christians among our sick and wounded than in the Army of the Potomac. The Army of the West, taken as a whole, is composed of a better class of men; comparatively few of foreign birth, though many of foreign extraction, the German preponderating. Moved to our new quarters.

"*Tuesday.*—Spent in preparing to work. Have delightful quarters; Dr. and Mrs. Harlowe and Dr. Read occupying the house with us. The doctors are in hospitals. Would that we had ten thousand such surgeons, for that number is needed. What an army of sufferers do such figures bespeak! Ten regiments of surgeons to take care of our sick and wounded soldiers!

"Great anxiety is felt in regard to Chattanooga; the tale of woes, and the fear of greater woes to come which reach us, cannot be told; the blood curdles at the thought of them. Wounds and starvation the portion of our brave defenders, and we cannot go to save them. Oh pray for them."

Under date of October 31st we find a description of suffering in the mountain passes between Nashville and Chattanooga, also testimony to the suitableness and value of supplies furnished by the "Aid:"

"We are still far from the front, are discouraged from going farther; transportation is crowded and every available avenue to our soldiers occupied with food for starving men and forage for the horses and mules, which we learn strew the mountain passes, dying from starvation. No sanitary stores can be gotten forward, and yet the cry for them is such as to wring the heart. A gentleman from Chattanooga said to us yester-

day: 'Ladies, you know nothing of destitution. When I left Chattanooga an intelligent surgeon told me that four hundred of our wounded would die within a week, two out of each four, for want of nourishment;' and yet God knows it, and 'his tender mercies are over all his works.' What we know not now we shall know hereafter. The articles of clothing we brought with us are all in use, just such as were and are needed. Flannel shirts and drawers, towels, nice handkerchiefs for well men who fell among thieves, and after being maltreated and stripped of their clothing are paroled and sent into our lines destitute. We have furnished a number such flannel shirts, drawers, handkerchiefs, stockings, and towels. The arm-rests of the 'Atlantic City Relief' are all in use and many more needed. The towels from 'Atlantic City Relief' gladdened our paroled prisoners."

The following letter, characteristic of rebeldom, is relieved by the prompt action of the Secretary of War and the Military Governor of Tennessee, and the mind is for a brief moment led away to the soothing and softening influences of spiritual things, but is soon brought back to the reality and depth of human suffering:

"October 22d, 1863.

"A panorama, borrowing its hues from heaven and earth and hell, has passed before us to-day. The early morning found us in the executive chamber of Governor Johnson, waiting advice in reference to the house allotted to our use by the military commandant of the post, and afterwards withdrawn by authority of a Captain Dickson, then on General Rosecrans's staff. The Governor ordered us to take possession. The circumstances were these: the house, a spacious mansion, unfinished, was the property of Mr. Wheless, who with his family fled from Nashville the day our troops came in; the family preferring to live under Jefferson Davis to seeing the Yankee soldiers about, with the 'flaunting stars and stripes, the emblem

of a mean people, over them.' Before leaving, arrangements had been made with a Mr. Berry (originally a Northern man, who took the oath to support the Confederacy, and was a faithful subject of Jefferson Davis, but when our army came in tacked about, and took the oath of allegiance to the United States) to take the house, occupying it as his own, and thus secure it to Mr. Wheless. Mr. Berry's family had possession for eighteen months. It was often disputed, but they resorted to various stratagems to retain it, taking in a sick or wounded officer, who paid them well for most meagre accommodations; then Mrs. Berry and her pretty niece, whose father was a noted rebel, one of the Vigilance Committee, doing all in his power to crush out Union sentiments, the daughter a worthy scion of a traitorous stock, had been detected in conveying information to rebeldom. This pretty niece and wife were pushed forward whenever danger threatened, and managed to secure a wondrous influence over our young officers. Words cannot describe the duplicity of this people. There is something inexplicable in their character. Do not believe half you hear from refugees from Federal oppression, who go North to be protected, and tell of grievous wrongs done them by our Government, and yet live under it. But to return. The house is ours; was secured to us by the Secretary of War, of whose order the following is a copy:

"War Department, October 21st, 1863.

"To the Military Commandant at Nashville, and the Brigadier General Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee, and all other officers in the service of the United States:

"The dwelling-house on Spruce Street, in the city of Nashville, occupied heretofore by Mr. Berry, is hereby seized and appropriated to the military service of the United States, and assigned for quarters to Mrs. John Harris and such other humane and benevolent ladies as may, under her direction, be

engaged in the care and attention of our wounded and sick soldiers under authority of the War Department. And you are hereby directed to protect and maintain them in the peaceable and undisturbed possession thereof, and to prevent any hindrance or annoyance to them in such possession, and if need be, arrest and remove any person or persons who may interrupt or disturb said ladies in the quiet and peaceable possession of said premises. All orders and safeguards to secure the possession of said premises to any other person than the ladies herein designated are annulled.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

"Copies of the above were sent to the General in command, also to the General commanding the Department.

"*Afternoon.*—Attended the funeral services of Rev. Mr. Powers. . . . . When we entered the church and saw but a handful of Christian men and women there, to pay the last tribute of respect to a faithful minister of Christ, whose earthly remains lay in the narrow coffin before them, I realized we were in an enemy's country. The deceased was a Presbyterian minister, due notice of his funeral had been given through the public papers, and yet only non-residents, if I except the Christian family and a few friends who had received the deceased into their family and nursed him with pious care, were found in this Presbyterian city, to testify their love to Christ in the person of this member of their own church. From these funeral services I went to Hospital 15, to see what religion can do to cheer the darkest hour. Found A. S., of an Ohio regiment, breathing with great difficulty; he had been wounded through the lungs. As I wiped the blood from his mouth I reminded him of the promise, 'As thy day, thy strength shall be.' He smiled sweetly as he whispered, 'The joy of the Lord is my strength,' and other such expressions of confiding love. Whilst waiting by appoint-

ment to see Governor Johnson, I heard of the miserable condition of the Union refugees, and determined to visit their quarters. Much is told of Federal wrong-doing, the trials to which rebel sympathizers are subject, &c., but the other side is not exposed to view: it is a very dark picture, made up of miserable-looking women and aged men, with naked children of all ages. Many come here to die; no provision being made for them other than that our Government can give in food and shelter. After herding together indiscriminately in some dirty wareroom or unfinished, unfurnished tenement, in illy ventilated apartments, they become an easy prey to that foe to the ill-clad and ill-fed, typhus fever. A chill, followed by fever, next, jabbering idiocy, in which there is not much suffering except to sympathizers. The mind of the sick one is filled with old home-scenes; ghastly smiles, more saddening by far than tears, play as if in mockery over their wan and haggard faces; soon they fill a 'government coffin,' and are borne to a nameless grave. Going into a long dark room on the ground floor in an unfinished mammoth hotel, now used as barracks, &c., we found in the foreground some half dozen women with a crowd of children crouching around a smoking stove; the women in tattered, dirty garments, their vacant, listless expression seeming to say, 'We are only poor white trash.' The children dressed in hospital shirts, no other garments, would have looked comical had their poor little faces been hid; these were so unlike careless childhood, we could only look and wonder if any that surrounded our Saviour when he took them in his arms and blessed them, were like them. I dare say, he saw many such then, and that he now sees these with the same eyes of compassionate tenderness. In the background were beds, so close as scarcely to admit a passage between them. On one of the beds a sick old man lay moaning; still farther on, a young woman in the last stage of a rapid consumption. Two of these homeless ones had that morning found homes from which they will never be driven. The wretched inmates of

that apartment told us that they were 'right smart better off then than they had been.' They made no complaints. Oh what a curse slavery has been to the whites of these States! The most refined and cultivated as well as the rude and illiterate have felt its blight. Christian men and women take the oath of allegiance only to break it with greater indifference than you would sign your name to a deed."

But we turn from this view of sorrow and suffering and sin to the following order, from a surgeon in charge of Hospital No. 14, received by Mrs. Harris on the 22d of October, which will show the value of an untrammelled agency:

"Mrs. Harris, I am ordered to send one hundred and twenty wounded soldiers to Louisville to-morrow morning. Many of these men are quite destitute of clothing; if you can spare, please send shirts, drawers, and socks."

Mrs. H. says, "Sent the above what they needed. Have furnished the same men arm-slings or rests."

November 20th, we find Mrs. Harris deeply interested in providing a Thanksgiving dinner, for which purpose she says: "I am in Louisville after supplies; am waiting to know what Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio will furnish for Thanksgiving dinner; we want a thousand turkeys, the same of chickens, twenty barrels of ale, 200 lbs. cheese, 4 barrels cranberries, also butter, lard, eggs, sugar, &c. . . . . After telegraphing and writing about our stores which have not yet reached Nashville, I find them in Jeffersonville. Will send them forward to-day."

Not waiting to see the happy thousands at their Thanksgiving dinner, enjoying the fruit of her efforts, she left Nashville on the same day, to press on to the front. The glad surprise expressed in the following letter from Bridgeport, November 28th, occasioned by the gracious care of Divine Providence, softens the picture of human suffering which is presented under date of December 11th, giving our contributors a true view of the heaven-born ministry they are sending forth.

"BRIDGEPORT, November 28th, 1863.

"We left Nashville on the 26th, Thanksgiving day, for the front, with four barrels of eggs, 500 pounds of butter, 6 boxes of crackers, 4 of cheese, 2 kitts of mackerel. . . . We found on the hospital car, to our great surprise, 40 boxes of our supplies; among them, 16 boxes of condensed milk, and 20 of stimulants; say to Mrs. S. and Miss F. among them, their fine brandy, forwarded to me after the Gettysburg battle; it failed to reach me in time to be used there. Another instance of that Providence which governs and guides when we fail to see His hand. I had chafed under the delay of transportation in July, near home, and now, away down here, four months later, I see the reason. Never were these supplies more needed, and now we find Quartermasters and forwarding agents, whom we have known for years, in authority here, all ready to favor us, when this can do but little. We have not less than six thousand wounded now, and fighting still going on. The rebel army is flying as chaff, leaving their poor wounded ones to be cared for by us; the number thus thrown upon our hands to minister to, will not fall short of ten thousand. . . . . I write in a tent, three surgeons smoking and talking earnestly, a number of side issues engaging some half dozen others. We are preparing to go upon an open boat (raining at that) to Chattanooga; will be up all night on the way; will have to sit up to watch stores. You cannot imagine, as I cannot describe the condition of things here. Suffering everywhere. Have many earnest workers."

"CHATTANOOGA, December 11th, 1863.

"How differently the sound of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge would fall upon your ear, were you seated where I am, within sight and hearing of scenes full of bodily anguish, and tones full of sadness. As I write, an ambulance passes, bearing the remains of four heroes of the late battles; all of them full of hope when I came here, and

though wounded, talked only of the victory; one telling how vexed he felt when the bullet struck him, half way up the hill; another rejoicing that he got to the top; another that he grasped the flag and held it aloft nearly at the top; is sure the old stripes and stars saw the top if he didn't. And so they talked for days only of their country's triumph; but a change passed over them, gradual but fatal. Gangrene was eating up the heroes, and they were carried away from their comrades and put in tents, lest the poison might be communicated to their wounded comrades. There, in the "gangrene ward," the glory of battle and victory faded away, as the fatal disease bore them nearer and nearer to the great eternity which shuts out all sounds of war. Then the fearful misgivings that took the place of the hopes of earthly glory were deeply engraved on their poor wan faces, and begun to be whispered into the ears of Christian sympathy, and the question which we hear almost every hour in the day from our dying heroes, 'Oh what can I do now? I am not prepared to go!' smites upon our ears as the death-knell of eternity. Oh, it is the 'second death' that appals us. I am now strangely bewildered as I write; ten are certainly dying, perhaps more, within a square of me, and most of them in the dark. Oh if the cries for mercy which go up from these cots could pass through the hearts of Christians at home, how would they pray and agonize as well for themselves as for our dying ones here! So many who die in anguish have once professed religion! 'I once had a name to live, but was dead.' . . . . . No words can describe the condition of our hospitals here and of the whole country. Think of Golgotha, the Valley of Hinnom, and the dark places of the earth, and you arrive at some idea of it." . . . . .

We have been favored with a copy of a letter written to a relative, describing the journey from Nashville to Chattanooga, which is so full of interest we are not willing to withhold it from our readers.

"CHATTANOOGA, December 14, 1863.

"You will, I doubt not, feel some interest in our work here. Your heart would be wrung with anguish could you realize the condition of things around us. Whilst the rejoicings over our recent victory have scarcely died away, the heroes who won it are suffering and dying under circumstances so appalling, that victory comes to bear a significance far from cheering. Oh! the price we are paying for every inch of territory we are recovering from the miserable men, who, to gratify their unhallowed ambition, and to fetter the degraded bondsmen of these unfortunate States, have thrust upon us and brought upon their own guilty heads this dire curse of the Lord, to whom vengeance belongeth.

"Chattanooga is in a valley; 'Lookout Mountain,' 'Missionary Ridge,' and 'Cameron Hill' lift their heads to the sky, and the whole country around tells of some fearful convulsions in the physical world, bearing in the evident tokens of upheaving and destruction a faint semblance to the moral convulsion which is burying the hopes of thousands, while it may give liberty to captives, as the earthquake set Paul and Silas free to do the work of the Master.

"I had just completed my part of the work, preparatory to furnishing our sick and wounded in the hospital at Nashville a Thanksgiving dinner, when news of battle reached us, and with it the assurance that our men were suffering for the barest necessaries of life. So I set out for the front, instead of enjoying the pleasure of seeing 7000 of our boys enjoying a dinner, which was gotten up at my suggestion, and mainly secured by my individual effort,—Indiana sending in response to my letter and telegram 200 barrels of apples, potatoes, cranberries, &c., 1000 pounds of butter, 8 barrels of eggs, 300 pounds of cheese. Cincinnati and St. Louis also contributed largely. Of poultry, we had from various sources 1500 chickens and 150 turkeys.

"Well, all this was ready, and my work done, and I started for this 'valley of slaughter' at six o'clock Thanksgiving morning in a hospital car, having with me 5 barrels of eggs, 3 of butter, cheese, fish, &c. &c.

"We had reached Stone River battle-ground in good time, and were beginning to congratulate ourselves upon the speed we made, when a sudden lurch and we were off the track. A little time, and the sad fact was forced upon us, that the disaster involved the loss, not only of property, but of the lives of three of our colored soldiers, fine manly fellows, crushed to death under the weight of hard bread, which they were guarding as it was carried to our starving troops in front. This sad occurrence detained us all night. At early dawn we got under way; had proceeded some twenty miles when we again ran off the track. This detained us a few hours.

"After an anxious, sorrowful day, we reached Bridgeport, in the rain, about twilight.

"Did you possess ubiquity, you might have seen me at the depot (*a ditch*, not a shelter), watching my stores as they were taken from the cars and piled: was obliged to watch and count the packages, and keep a sharp lookout, or they would all have been stolen. Such is the scarcity of food of all descriptions that petty thieves grow rich as fast as Government contractors. Some hours elapsed before we got them under cover and under guard; the latter being one of the sad necessities of the army.

"For company I had a woman who has devoted herself to the hospital service. Were I to attempt a description of her I should fail. She is doing a most important work in a field hospital, as one of the cooks tells me, '*slathering all around*, making even the doctors mind their P's and Q's.' There was a significance in the use of P's and Q's in that connection which may strike you.

"We spent the night at the Sanitary Commission tent. Were roused early in the morning to take the boat. I was

told that the Quartermaster in charge of transportation refused to carry any hospital stores, saying the demand for commissary supplies was imperative, our soldiers in front on quarter rations, and this would stop unless we could get the bacon and hard bread forward. This was discouraging; we knew that the condition of our wounded was sad enough if the well were so inadequately supplied. Thought I might make such representations as would lead the Quartermaster to reconsider the matter, and give us transportation for our perishable articles, at least.

"As soon as I recognized an old acquaintance in that official, felt that there would be no difficulty, he being one of my old Potomac friends, who knew all about my work, and was at all times ready to help me. So we got 96 packages on board and started. The Tennessee is difficult to navigate; shoally and devious in its course, quite as erratic in its goings as the Pamunkey. We proceeded slowly, and when night set in, were forced to cast anchor, the navigation being too dangerous to trust to our lights. The steam craft, dignified as *steamer*, had about the capacity of the old arks which astonished us in our childish days, when the Juniata was at its flood, and no better accommodation for travellers: the day was cold and rainy, and the night set in fiercely cold and windy. The captain and other gentlemen on board pitched a tent for us, and we had just begun to congratulate ourselves upon our comfortable shelter, when a sudden squall lifted our shelter and left us exposed to the storm's pitiless peltings. We fled to the wheelhouse, an open caboose, where we shivered for an hour or two, whilst the kind-hearted soldiers on board worked hard to secure us a firmer shelter. This being done, we crept into the tent. My travelling companion, one of the engineers with his wife, a wounded captain (returning to duty too soon), and old Dr. Goldsmith of the army, composed the party, and thankfully lay down to sleep, which, though our beds were planks, our pillows carpet-sacks (unfortunately for me, mine

was discovered at daylight to be a bag of flitch), was an easy matter, after two nights spent as ours had been. The night was intensely cold, but as we were immediately over the engine we suffered but little. We got under way at daybreak, and made good speed until we reached a sort of canal, known as 'The Suck,' the most dangerous part of the navigation. The fall is considerable, and the sudden narrowing of the channel, together with the rocky bed at that point, makes navigation most difficult, and even dangerous. For about 500 yards the boat is drawn with ropes and windlass up 'The Suck.' We had got nearly to the outlet (inlet?), when the main rope broke, and away we went back, breaking our wheels against projecting rocks.

"This accident detained us eight hours. All this time nothing to eat but a few crackers; no 'hissing urn' to pour forth the cheering draught of the 'cup that cheers but not inebriates.' All hands were called to walk the plank to the mountain side, and all able-bodied men to work at the ropes, which were renewed. But for hours all that could be done was to hold the boat, and thus prevent her destruction and the loss of the cargo. We were led to a house by some of the crew who knew the neighborhood, which happened to be a favorite resort of guerrillas. The house was occupied by two families, the old folks with two children, and a married daughter with two little ones.

"The husband of the daughter is our prisoner, was a conscript, and very willing to be captured, so they told us.

"This family mansion, occupied by the old couple for seventeen years, had not a single window in it. The only light coming through the wide-necked chimney, and the chinks which time had made. Upon my inquiring how they managed to get through their work, sewing, &c., in such cold weather, when the door must be closed to prevent freezing, they replied, "We do all such things in warm weather, and by candle-light." And yet they were satisfied; told us their

neighbors generally lived as they did. Only a few can read. The children were barefoot, and beggarly destitution characterized the larder. Had nothing eatable but a few apples, which they had saved by hiding them under their beds. They had four large feather beds. There was but one apartment, all living in the same room. This is a fair sample of the 'poor white trash' of Tennessee."

Our correspondence is here interrupted by the very serious illness of Mrs. Harris, which continued several weeks, during which time her life was despaired of; but God in His great mercy raised her up, to bear help and healing and the consolations of His word to the suffering and despairing soldier.

While the pen of our Secretary is laid aside, we take the opportunity of introducing our correspondent at the Naval Academy Hospital, Annapolis, whose long-continued devotion to the sufferers there is above all praise. Under date of November 17th, after acknowledging the receipt of supplies, she says: "You have doubtless read the sad account of the condition of our prisoners who came by the last boat. No words can exaggerate the sadness of their plight. Of one hundred and eighty who left Richmond, seven died on the passage. Four were buried at Fortress Monroe, the remaining three were buried with soldierly honors under the dear old flag from the chapel of our hospital. It was a sad sight to see the three coffins standing side by side before the pulpit, all marked 'Name unknown.' . . . . . For ten days after their arrival funerals were of daily occurrence, sometimes six, sometimes four were buried at once.

"*November 19th.*—I was interrupted in my last sentence, and take up my pen after an interval of two days. In the meantime we have had another arrival of the starved, half dead prisoners from Belle Island. The New York brought to us yesterday morning 360 paroled men. No accounts that you can read of the hardships these poor fellows have passed

through can give you the sense of it that one sight of them will do. As we watched their being brought from the boat on stretchers, or just crawling along, supported by some well man in the yard, we felt that our hearts were going out to them with all our sympathies; but when we come to listen to the words they tell of the hard times they have had, we find nothing too much to do for them. One man described to me their picking up bones from which the meat had been entirely gnawed, and breaking them with stones to put into their cups of soup, and then cooking them over the little fires they built of chips of wood. He said as he told me this and much more, 'Why, lady, I am afraid to tell my experience there, for it seems to me almost as if I was telling lies.' . . . . . Said an earnest-looking man to me, 'Why I was as glad when they told me I was to come away, as though I had been promised a sure interest in heaven.' Last night one of our patients who had come in the previous boat died; he said in the weakness just preceding the stupor in which he died, as I talked to him of the eternal realities, 'Well, I tried to live right, but you know lately I have been pretty hard, hard up,—and there in Belle Island we did not have much grub or anything, and you know we thought we had nobody to take care of us, and got disheartened, and there didn't seem to be anybody on the Lord's side, and it was pretty hard.' His words, with the terrible condition he had been in since he came, gave me such a realizing sense of the wreck of mind and demoralization of heart! 'So disheartened!' Oh, it is enough to dishearten any one to know the wretchedness in which these boys come back to us; their gladness to be here is an abundant proof of the suffering they have had. Nine were buried to-day; six died on the boat, three since its arrival; four unknown, saddest of all."

(From the same pen.)

"December 8th, 1863.

"I am so constantly laid under obligations to the Ladies' Aid in my daily dispensing of bounties to our soldiers, that I feel a continual thanksgiving to them for their remembrance of this part of the field. The boxes you send are always so well filled with the most acceptable stores, that I only look for the mark, 'Ladies' Aid,' to know that the box contains something valuable. The large box of shirts from the Bucks County Society came just in time for me to supply many of our boys, who were going to the regiments, with shirts and socks for their cold marches. Poor fellows! they must suffer enough, were it not for the warm garments that some home fingers are constantly providing. The red flannel shirts, made with the shoulder and one sleeve open, were most opportune for many of our patients who are wounded in the arm and shoulder. Bright, young boys, so many of them, with the right arm disabled for life; their only apparent means, in many cases, thus cut off. . . : . . . Many of our boys who came in the last boat are recovering, but many, alas! were too far gone to recover. One very sweet boy died a few days ago in our section, who interested us all very much. He was from Tennessee; had lain in the woods a long time, with his father and ten other men, to escape from rebel conscription; at last his father was caught and forced into the rebel service. The boy escaped and found his way into a Union Virginia regiment, was finally taken prisoner, and came back under the old flag, only to die. He said, 'Tell my father that I am going home to Jesus. Tell him I did not get enough to eat in Richmond; I was almost starved, and think that is the cause of my death.' I asked him if he had suffered too much for the old flag? 'Oh no!' said he, 'I don't believe I could.' Such is the sentiment of all our true soldiers."

These sad pictures are relieved by the following exhibition

of grateful feeling, from the same pen, under date of January 5th, 1864:

"I have been remiss in not sooner acknowledging the valuable boxes and barrels received from the Ladies' Aid before Christmas. The hominy, maccaroni, crackers, and box of clothing, were most acceptable. I wish I had time to give you a full account of our Christmas pleasures. I believe that some good people who have never seen much of hospital life, have an idea that there can be no pleasure in it, and perhaps they would have been surprised to have heard some of my boys say, that the week before Christmas was the happiest they had spent in a great many years. The week was passed in preparing decorations for their wards, &c., and the taste displayed by them was worthy of more cultivated artists. Our chapel was beautifully adorned, the nation's emblem tastefully combined with the Christmas greens, and the names of some of our victorious battles emblazoned in the national colors, reminding us how closely religion and patriotism are now commingled. One touch of gratitude, in a very delicate expression, I must tell you of: it was the adornment of my tent quarters (which serves me for a store-room and office during the day) by some of my crippled boys and convalescent patients. It was all done after I had gone to my room for the night, and they did not finish the self-imposed task and labor of love till almost three o'clock in the morning. When I came down on Christmas day, I found a Goddess of Liberty guarding my door, and the sentence, 'Merry Christmas to Miss Hall,' greeted me upon my entrance. I knew not whether tears or smiles would gain the day. Such demonstrations of gratitude from our soldier boys, so spontaneous and so delicate, are worth more than gold or silver untold. We had a famous Christmas dinner of turkeys, geese, chicken-pie, oysters, ham, pickles, jellies, mince and apple pies, and confectionery. I was so happy that almost every one of my boys was able to partake of the dinner, and if some of them were a little under the weather the next day, they

were quite reconciled to their fate in remembrance of the good cheer of the day before."

We now turn from Tennessee and Annapolis to our correspondent in the Army of the Potomac, who has in her work in regimental hospitals suffered great privations.

Under date of January 30th, 1864, she says, "There are quite a number of sick much in need of delicacies; the prisoners* need clothing, too, not being allowed to draw any while under arrest, and as many are weeks in the 'guard-house,' there is a vast amount of suffering from cold. I went yesterday to the 106th Ohio; took some stewed oysters to their sick; one poor boy very low with typhoid fever, delirious continually. They told me I was the first lady who had visited their hospital; gave me a cordial invitation to come again. . . . . Our hospital is not yet finished. I am, temporarily, in a tent at General Carr's headquarters. It is as rough as possible, no floor, and indeed not much of anything else; so I am very anxious for my boxes, as I packed some few comforts for myself."

(From the same correspondent.)

"February 15th, 1864.

"It is very difficult for me to write; my tent is most uncomfortable. For two days I could not have fire in consequence of smoke. This morning early was very pleasant, but I had not more than commenced writing, when a wind springs up, my tent fills with smoke and ashes, and fairly drives me out. Wind increases. I venture back and find my stovepipe down and smoke unendurable. After vain efforts to keep it in place, I remove the fire, open and air the tent, and again essay to write; but it is a perfect hurricane: tin cups, nutmeg graters, clothing and papers are driven about, and the tent threatens to follow suit, so I forsake it again, and go to take some tapioca

* Our own men, under arrest for various offences.

jelly (which I made fortunately when my fire would burn), to a sick lieutenant, one of General Carr's staff, who is threatened with diphtheria. I had intended it for two regimental hospitals, but cannot reach them to-day."

(From the same.)

"February 18th, 1864.

"An hour since, I was comfortably seated in my tent, writing you a full account of visits I have been paying regimental hospitals, when I heard a cry, and I saw through my tent a bright light. I rushed out to behold the adjoining one in flames; mine was smoking as the ropes were cut and it lowered, trunk, bed, &c., removed, and everything scattered. I believe that nothing is lost, but my papers, letters, journal, memoranda, &c., were blowing about. My house is up again, and I sitting on my trunk in the midst of the confused heaps of my belongings, to send you a line acknowledging the receipt of the box of clothing from Bridgeton (a remarkably fine one), and a large box from Pennsylvania Relief, making in all four boxes."

A few days later, on the 18th of the same month, the same correspondent writes, "I have been much interested in G. B., in the 14th New Jersey hospital. My attention was called to him by the surgeon, who told me he was sinking rapidly from chronic diarrhœa, and depression of spirits in consequence of his arrest for desertion. He was brought from the guard-house to the hospital. I visited there again last Saturday, and the surgeon and chaplain besought me to try for furlough or discharge for him, as nothing but the hope of reaching home could save him. They had been to some of the authorities unsuccessfully, and feared the immediate effect when he should be told that they could give him no hope. I formed my plans; visited him and cheered him so much that there was a visible improvement next morning, when I walked a mile and a half to tell him all was going on well, and in train. The poor boy's

eyes brightened. Said he, 'How can I ever pay you? how can I ever thank you?' The chaplain is very faithful to him and seems to be on the best of terms with all the sick boys."

(From the same.)

"March 3d, 1864.

"I will give you an account of to-day's work, and each day is much the same. Rise at six o'clock, make my fire; whilst dressing, boil chocolate, make tea. My toast for the patients is brought me from the kitchen; I butter and soften it, poach eggs for some and stew potatoes for the rest; arrange on plates and send to the wards. Make milk-punch and egg-nog, a tapioca pudding, corn-starch, and blanc-mange; visit each patient, the surgeon, and kitchen; give directions for beef tea, soup, &c.; stew tomatoes on my own stove, mash and prepare potatoes, &c., for dinner. P.M. Go to the station to market, buy oysters, eggs and butter; stop at headquarters and see Medical Director of division about a cow which was promised us (hope we may get it); returned and amused and entertained a couple of the convalescents in my tent for an hour, then buttered toast, soaked crackers, and arranged the plates to suit the cases, with peaches, jelly and corn-starch; visited the wards; found R. (our most dangerous case), suffering; heated whiskey and applied flannels, also a bottle of hot water to his feet; wrote a letter for him to his family, and finish my day's work by writing to you, stopping now and then to stir fruit which I am stewing. Day before yesterday, I visited the First Division guard-house. Some new ones have been brought in, *thirty-two* there in all, most of them in want of stockings. I distributed some, and will see them again in a few days. How the poor fellows gathered around me, glad to receive a few words of sympathy." "March 5th. Poor R. is gone to a better world. He was a Christian, and leaves neither wife nor parent to mourn him." . . . . . .

The heart that prompts such labor as this, day after day for months, can have no common interest in the suffering soldier,

and deserves all the encouragement and aid we can give her in her self-denying work. In order to cheer and comfort the convalescents, she fits up her tent with taste, supplying herself with pictures, books, writing materials, and interesting games, and encourages and invites them to come as soon as they are able to drag themselves along, and thus exerts over such as come under her care, a refining and improving influence. One more extract from a letter, dated March 13th, will close this correspondence for the present.

"The box from the ladies of Beverly has arrived safely: it is a very acceptable donation; the contents are good and suitable. If the donors could only see how much pleasure their gifts afforded the 'boys.' I had several of the convalescents in my tent to-day, one, a lad of sixteen years, who was crowded off the bridge near Culpeper and fractured his arm; has also just had measles. I produced the needle-books and told him to choose. 'Oh,' said he, 'they do think of us boys at home.' I gave one to each, and they said they would try to keep them always. The candy is a real treat; it is often longed for by those who have coughs, but rarely sent me. The coat is for a poor fellow who is literally in tatters; in consequence of some informality in his papers, he cannot draw money or clothing, so I devote the coat to his service, and wish I had half a dozen more. Do thank the ladies of Beverly for their box; would that I could impart to them one half the pleasure I derive from dispensing their gifts."

We now resume our correspondence with our Secretary, partially restored to health. She dates from Chattanooga, January 6th, 1864. After saying a few words about her sickness, she adds, "As I write about my indisposition, I feel almost ashamed to consume your time with it, the suffering all about is of such an intense character. My experiences since I reached Chattanooga have been among the most painful of the three past eventful years. In looking back, amazement seizes me, and the attempt to rehearse them seems futile. War, famine and

disease have made up the warp and woof of our soldiers' life. I copy a week's entries from my journal. *December 5th.* Visited field hospital with Mr. E., of Christian Commission, carrying a barrel of potatoes, a cheese, box of crackers, dozen cans of milk, sundry papers of corn-starch and cocoa, fifteen pounds butter, four dozen shirts, and two dozen drawers. It rained heavily when we reached the camp. I should tell you what we mean by a field hospital. It is a general hospital, in which are found representatives from every corps and every branch of the service in the department. It differs in external arrangement from an ordinary encampment only in the size of the tents, which are larger and tripled, the three tied together and communicating; two fire-places, of moderate size and poor draught, heat the three, which accommodate thirty-six patients. The outside rows of tents on two sides are occupied by surgeons, nurses, and as cook-shops, store-rooms, &c. The capacity of the whole of this hospital does not exceed 1000. It may be increased indefinitely. Well, we found the streets ankle-deep in mud and very slippery, so that we made our way with difficulty from tent to tent. Ranged along on either side lay the wounded of the late battles within the shadow of Lookout Mountain, the scene of their triumph. To the question, 'Well, friends, how are you getting along?' the response would come from many a cot, 'We are starving.' (A surgeon remarked to me, in a careless tone, 'A great many of our men have starved to death, but they did not know it.' He was mistaken.")

"January 30th, 1864.

"We are still in Chattanooga. . . . . Now that I am better, find it no easy matter to be still. We are anxious about Knoxville. A large body of troops left for that place to-day. There will be much suffering, food being very scarce. The men are now well clothed, so that our hearts will not again be wrung by the sight of hundreds *barefooted*, others with cloths and pieces of hide tied upon their poor bleeding feet, literally

tracking their way with their blood. Since the opening of the railroad to this point, now two weeks, our men have had full rations; up to that time they were on half rations, indeed many suffered for want of food. I have frequently heard of fifty cents being offered for a hard cracker. You can form no conception of the hardness to be endured by soldiers here, and yet all is borne with a spirit of heroism which challenges the admiration of the world. Refugees come in here by hundreds; deserters are numerous."

March 7th, 1864.

Our Secretary, Mrs. H., says: "We returned to Nashville on Friday last. . . . . This morning has been spent in devising some plan to mitigate the sufferings among refugees. In the exodus of old men, women and children from the 'house of bondage,' many fall by reason of the hardness of the way, others are left to languish in the houses assigned by the Government at different points along the line of travel. I have just come from one of these *Homes*. Alas! alas! it seems a mockery to link that soft and tenderly suggestive word with so much wretchedness. Twenty-five hundred of these refugees have passed through Nashville within the past week, most of them stopping for one or two days at the Home. The house used for this purpose was formerly used as a Medical University; it is as commodious, I think, as our favored University, and yet, though crowded, half could not find shelter. Seated in the grounds about the house were hundreds, many of them mothers with infants from three weeks old and upwards, children of all ages, and decrepid old men, with soldiers looking for their friends, and recruiting officers taking advantage of the necessities of overgrown boys, enticing them to enlist; here and there a bundle of bedding, a saddle, a wooden bread-bowl, a spinning-wheel, a reel, a pair of cards, Dutch oven, tin coffee-pot, a gourd, &c., &c., the *joint* property of two or three families, piled up and jealously guarded, mak-

ing up such a scene as cannot be described. Entering the house, the first room contained eight cots; in the corner to the right of the entrance lay a lad dying; had had measles and taken cold; his mother died three days since from the effects of cold and exposure, driven by famine from her home in East Tennessee with her infant a week old, which the Friend of little children took to his bosom before the mother's heart failed. Next to the lad is an Englishwoman, whose sorrowful story is only known to the God of all consolation; that is enough for her, she will soon be home. On the next cot was a dead mother and her baby of a year, a beautiful casket; the jewel sparkled in the crown of the Saviour of little children, the mother's Saviour too. On the next cot laid the little son, very sick, of that now sainted mother, watched over by the bereaved husband and father, who had watched with his living and his dead for two nights, sorrowful yet rejoicing, because of the assurance which he had that his loss was their gain; they too were of English birth, but citizens of our once proud Republic, which they hoped would be the heritage of their children's children; but God had given them a better country, even a heavenly. The other cots were filled with women and children. At the fire sat a little boy of seven years, just recovering from the measles. Laying my hand upon his head, I inquired for his mother; he lifted his wondering gaze at me, 'Why I am the boy who's not got any one.' I then remembered that his father, mother and three sisters and brothers had been killed on the railroad, coming from Chattanooga, leaving this boy and a girl of thirteen to seek a home among strangers. To the inquiry, 'Where is your sister?' came the response, 'Dead and buried, I reckon;' that was all. A few weeks since that family, driven by war and famine from their home, found themselves some twenty miles from Nashville, when the cars were thrown off the track, a tree having fallen upon it, and five of the seven were killed. As soon as day dawned upon the wreck, the girl was seen looking after their little all of worldly goods,

pulling from the ruins now a wooden bread-bowl, next an iron Dutch oven, the lid of which was missing; she cried over the loss, saying she could not bake any bread, and now she reckoned they would starve. The mangled remains of father, mother and sisters were lying before her, and yet she could not forget the future and its responsibilities. She was now the sole dependence of her little brother, so *she* thought, and now she too is gone. Passing from room to room the same sorrowful experiences were repeated. Reaching a room in which a family of nine had one by one sickened and died, one only of the nine being left the day before, as I neared the door a little coffin was carried out, and in it the remains of the ninth. They too were driven from their homes but three weeks since to seek a living, but they found death, and all lie together 'in the field they bury strangers in.' If I could carry you to the thousands of desolated homes and track the way of the fugitives from oppression and want, scantily clad, nursing mothers with but a single garment to protect them from the cold, thermometer down to six, a bag of meal for food, which they mix with water, no salt, and bake in the Dutch oven (which they all carry), by the roadside, as they halt for the night, dreading every instant the approach of a lawless soldiery, or if there be men in the party 'a conscripting posse,' you would not wonder at appeals for the means to minister to such suffering ones. Many of these refugees have or have had husbands and sons in our army. The Government is acting most paternally towards this unhappy class, giving them food and shelter. The food is of a coarse kind, not suitable for the sick and enfeebled. We want funds to purchase milk for the little ones, many of them orphans of our soldiers. We greatly need dresses for women and children; nearly all are barefooted or nearly so. One of our ladies spends a part of each day among them, and others visit the Home regularly. We are making arrangements to take entire charge of the special diet department."

This appeal went into the hands of the Asssociation for the

aid of the Tennessee refugees, and no doubt met with a liberal response.

The previous letter has introduced us to new scenes of suffering, and those which follow will make us better acquainted with the horrors of this conflict, and the demoralizing and blighting effects of slavery. Under date of March 10th, 1864, our Secretary writes: "The scenes through which we pass are of so absorbing a character, and the appeals to our sympathy so incessant and exhausting, letter writing is necessarily crowded into the corners of the day, and often overlooked, not for want of interest in friends, and a desire to keep them informed of the work and its necessities, but because flesh and heart fail. The small-pox is spreading; we have two cases among the refugee orphans in one yard. As the parents die in the Home, we bring their little orphans to a building on our premises, and will keep them until we can find homes for them. Many of them are beautiful. Are there not families in the North who can be found willing to give the little ones a warm place in their hearts and homes? The Sewing Circle Union Ladies' Aid of Nashville meet here to-day, and what do you think our work is? making shrouds for mothers and their little ones.

"At Chattanooga I have seen mothers by the score sitting at the riverside waiting the sailing of the boat which was to bear them to the North; infants nursing, from five days old and upwards, born on the roadside as they fled before gaunt famine. . . . . Many a hidden untimely birth is among the dark records of this dark year. Many of these mothers had walked thirty, forty, and in one instance ninety miles, carrying a child in arms and having others dragging along after, and all with scarcely clothing enough for decency. That any live can only be accounted for on the general principle of an overruling Providence: 'He giveth power to the faint.' The Rev. Mr. S. has just come in to consult in reference to a family of nine who have just come in, and no shelter

for them excepting the Home, which is full of disease and death; a night spent there will perhaps prove death to the children, six in number. I wish we had the means to build barracks. Oh, there is so much to be done! We are now preparing delicate food for the small-pox hospital and for the refugees."

"March 13th, 1864.

"In one of my recent letters I gave the circumstances of some of our refugees as they appeared at the time of writing. You will remember the dead mother and child lying between the living husband and child, and a living sister-in-law, all of English extraction; the living child lives now with the mother, and the sister-in-law has followed, leaving three orphan children, a daughter of sixteen, two sons thirteen and fifteen years of age. The bereaved husband, father and brother remains to care for his own motherless one and his sister's three. . . . . A kind lady here has given his son a home for the present. . . . . We have just sent three shrouds to the Home, two for children, one for the mother above mentioned. She died last night in a room with her three children. . . . . Had but few of the comforts of life; knew not where her children would find a home; saw her brother bowed and shrunken like a plant torn up by the root, and yet her countenance wore an expression of seraphic sweetness, and her lips dwelt only on the love of Jesus; her surroundings were all forgotten, and she felt only a Saviour's loving arm beneath her, a sure support, and her covenant-keeping God above her, saying, 'I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee;' so she was calm. As I stood by her side, her daughter's hand in mine, I could not but feel it was one of the greatest privileges I could enjoy this side of heaven, to be the witness of such a triumph of faith. . . . . I hope some improvement will be made in the management of this Home for refugees. Mr. Collins and Mr. Lloyd Smith, of Philadelphia, left

me $500 to be expended for these poor sufferers. Have purchased a hundred yards of calico to-day for dresses; have already distributed a considerable amount of clothing derived from various sources."

Our correspondent continues her narrative of sorrow, sickness and death, which however heart-rending it may be, we place before our readers, hoping it may move them to deeds of mercy.

Under date of March 18th, 1864, she writes: "In my visitations among the poor refugees yesterday, I found myself at a house on the Murfreesborough road, a few miles out. Traces of comfort, even elegance, were seen in the tastefully arranged and extensive grounds, but a glance at the broken fences, doors and windows satisfied us it was the abandoned house of a rebel, ... now affording shelter to a number of refugee families, whose miserable condition claimed attention. . . . . As I entered the house, where twelve families from Tennessee and the Gulf States had sought shelter, I was met by a ragged, neglected-looking child, who said, 'That's our room' (pointing to the first door on our left); 'my aunt is there; I reckon she is dying.' We entered the room. Upon a bed lay a woman, whose breathing told of the death-struggle. Stooping over the fire were the mother and sister, in silent grief. As friendly words fell upon their ears, they looked up, and soon poured out their sorrowful story. The mother and two daughters had been driven from comfortable homes in Dade County, Georgia, because their husbands were loyal to their country and had months since left their families to enter our army. After untold suffering, they found themselves among strangers, miserably lodged and worse fed; all of them had been sick, two of their children had died, and now the daughter, a mother too, was dying. None of them could read. I stooped over the dying woman and repeated a part of the fourteenth chapter of John. She turned her dying eyes upon me, and with a look of glad surprise exclaimed,

'That's my home; Jesus is there, and He is here. I have had a power of trouble, and been pestered mightily, but it was worth it all to feel how good Jesus is.'"

"March 29th, 1864.

. . . . . "Our ambulance, which should have reported at nine A. M., did not arrive until eleven. . . . . We started out the Murfreesborough road to the Ewing House, carrying with us a half dozen women and children's dresses, and a few little matters known to be needed by the refugees. As we entered the house a childish wail of sorrow reached us, and the voice of a woman was heard in broken accents trying to comfort it; it was evident she, too, needed soothing. We soon learned that the wail was that of orphanage and the comforter a bereaved mother. On a miserable bed lay the remains of a gentle woman, the face wearing a calm, even joyful expression, that the eye would gladly rest upon rather than upon the sorrowing group surrounding, which consisted of two women and three children, the latter the newly orphaned; the former, mother and sister of the newly sainted one, for we believe she slept in Jesus. We had carried out *a dress and shoes for the dead.* On seeing us, the sister, who was nursing the orphan baby, her own having been claimed by the Friend of little children but a day or two before, exclaimed, with an expression I cannot forget: 'Oh, if you had only come an hour and a half sooner, she would have seen you; she expected you all day yesterday and this morning; she had us looking up the road every few minutes; she did so want to hear you speak the promises and pray.' . . . . . The mother, as she looked upon the face of her oldest born, exclaimed in her anguish, 'Oh, she is better off; she longed to go; but why didn't I go first? Here I am, an old woman, with not a foot of ground I can call my own, far from home and none to care whether we live or die. Oh, it was hard to part with friends at home, but away here it is worse! worse!' The oldest boy

mourner, a lad of ten years, rocked to and fro with an expression of aged sorrow, such as I have never seen in youth; no tears, but a wail welled up from his childish heart, it was pitiful to hear. We knelt round the dead mother and told Jesus our sorrow, and He heard us. When we left, it was understood we would return the next day at three P. M., to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. We have been there to-day, and would you see one of the most revolting features of *our war*—for are we not one?—listen as I attempt to describe it. In the same room that we knelt round the dead yesterday, we stood again to-day. In a coffin such as the Government provides, a plain poplar, with the marks of rude haste, the tracks of the circular saw scarcely hidden by the lampblack with which the friends sought to imitate cloth and give it a home look, unmoved by the cries which until within a few hours had never failed to awaken an echo in the mother's heart, she lay, wearing the same calm, restful look of yesterday. Her children were taking their last look; their long hair uncombed, soiled and tattered garments, and bare feet, made their wail of grief all the more touching. The oldest boy's grief was terrible to witness; the aged mother and father shed no tears; they had all been spent in their Georgia home, in their anxious vigils for months together; when the mother must watch when the father slept, and the father in turn watch for the mother and children, knowing too well the fury of the demons which possessed their old friends and neighbors. They had seen mothers and wives suspended by the neck until life was almost driven out, to extort from them the hiding-place of their husbands and sons, and this repeated again and again, need I say, without success. They had seen, too, their 'neighbors swinging from their own trees for weeks; the birds of prey fattening on them, a terror to loyal men,' (I use their own words,) and all because they loved the old Union and would stand up for it. Is it strange they wept as they watched, remembering the old days of peace and the once

obliging neighbor in contrast with the rage and fury of the present. The sister hugged the motherless babe to her breast, sobbing as she thought of her double bereavement, and yet with sufficient leisure from herself to mourn for the two absent husbands, her own and her sister's, saying as she wept, 'What would they do if they knew all this? They think we are still at home.' Poor woman! I fear she has no husband to think of her and his lovingly. She has not heard from him or her brother since the battle of Chickamauga, but still imagines them safe with General Rosecrans. But we cannot linger about the coffin of the persecuted refugee. Opening the door into the adjoining room, we find fifty women and children assembled for divine worship. The Rev. Dr. Donaldson, of the Christian Commission, leads the service. Before him sat such an audience as the witnesses for Christ may have comforted in the mountains of Scotland or of Germany centuries since. Civilization and pseudo-Christianity now rolls back its tide of centuries to meet that dark period. The women clothed in their best, their only suit, homespun, much the worse for wear; all wearing faded calico sun-bonnets drawn over their faces, which were bowed down, a common sorrow binding them, and yet in their deepest grief apart. Not one there who had not buried parent, husband, or child, and not a few all three, within a month. The children sat upon the floor, the others upon the beds, boxes, and a few on chairs. The 46th Psalm, so precious to Luther and all God's afflicted ones from that time to this, was read and commented upon as an earnest, tender, and intelligent Christian minister would, in such a presence. Then the coffin was closed, the father of the deceased assisting, and carried to the family burying-place of the Ewings, by refugees. The company that followed had passed over the same ground on a similar errand almost every day for three weeks. As we entered the inclosure, they dropped off one by one to shed some tears over their own little mounds. I walked next the coffin, leading the oldest of the newly or-

phaned, hatless, ragged and shoeless, neglected hair and soiled face and hands. There was something in his grief that extorted not only sympathy but respect. There was no order observed, and when the coffin was lowered, the father again assisted, for there are but few able-bodied men among them. A little bright-eyed boy of five or six years, grown so familiar with death and the grave, pressed forward to hand little slips of wood to be laid over the coffin before the earth was thrown in. A matter of fact expression in his countenance and manner shocked me, so plainly did it tell of the commonness of these last sad rites among the little community, that even the children had grown old in endurance; the process being not a refining one, fitting them for usefulness, but hardening, preparing them, unless the grace of God prevent, for deeds of cruelty and blood. The cry of the little boy whom I held, 'Oh Lord, mercy on me!' in those peculiar tones which tell of exhaustion, half hiccough and half groan, no tears, were quite unheeded by the little boy; not even a look of curiosity betraying notice of the to us soul-stirring cry. Passing through the marble stones covered with inscriptions, we were about retracing our steps to a world of work, when we noticed a woman sitting among the refugee graves, swinging to and fro in helpless grief, as if to solicit comfort. As we approached her, Dr. Donaldson, by his kind manner assuring her of sympathy, she said, 'These are my dead. Two in this grave and one in that. All I had. My husband is away in the army.' As she told her sorrows, an aged woman came towards her, and laying her hand upon her shoulder said: 'We all have our troubles.' 'And what is yours, my friend?' She, pointing to a grave, said: 'That's my grandchild; but dead sorrows are not like living ones, and if you will come to a little cabin, you will see.' We went, and found a family of refugees from Mississippi, who, driven from a luxurious home nearly two years, because they dared to declare their Union sentiments, had after various sad experiences found themselves

in a miserable cabin. The mother, with seven children, all sick with measles, lying upon the floor, as do all the refugees on that estate, with no comfortable furniture, no chairs, no cooking utensils save a Dutch oven, no brooms, so that the floors were in sad condition, none of the necessaries for sick or well. The wife received us with stately manner, and for a time we feared our visit might embarrass more than comfort, but an allusion to the grave of her child brought us together, and she gave relief to her pent-up feelings in tearful words. But I must close this now and finish again. Please to say to Mr. Collins, of the committee of the Relief Association for Tennessee, that his donation has helped us to contribute to the comfort of hundreds, and yet we need more."

"April 1st, 1864.

. . . . . "My mission for the present is among the little starveling refugees. . . . How strange a toy would look in our house of refuge. I wonder if it would bring out a laugh among these children of suffering and want? Now I think of it, I have never heard a merry sound in that house, crowded though it be with children, and I don't remember to have heard a loud cry, would that I could add, nor a moan, nor a groan: these are sounds that never die away. Even the babies are strangely quiet in their expressions of feeling; poor little things, they have looked only upon one expression of the human face, and that one of settled sadness; but I now recall a laughing mother's face, and would chronicle it. . . . . In a small house on the Lebanon Pike, two or three miles out, three refugee families sought shelter. Passing through a yard, in which a crocus here and there showed its little head, as if to remind us of a truth, seen dimly now, 'God is love,' we entered a room, on the floor of which laid a mother with five children, all sick with measles, the grandmother waiting upon them; they had no bed, no fire; the father of the children was out seeking quar-

ters where they might have a stove or fire-place. Communicating with this room was another; the same condition of things seen in it, with the difference of fire in a very small grate. Passing through this room to a porch, from which we entered another, on a bed on the floor lay a sick man and child, the wife and mother waiting upon them, though not able to do it. We read and prayed with these sorrowing ones, and felt it good to be there. A refugee had acted as guide to us; it so happened he and the sick man were members of the same class meeting. It was touching to hear their reminiscences of happy days in their old homes in Tennessee, when 'the candle of the Lord shone upon them.' Our guide had but the week before buried his wife, three children, and a sister, whilst his only remaining child was in hospital with the small-pox; and yet these two talked only of the *goodness of God.* When we left, it was with a promise to return soon and bring a colored woman to nurse. . . . . We found our way to the contraband camp, saw the officer in charge, told him our errand, and were directed to the field where the able-bodied women were 'spading' the ground for a garden, with permission to make our own selection. The first woman we accosted pleased us, having an air of respectability about her and an openness and self-appreciation which is very uncommon among these poor victims of oppression and wrong; but she had two children, of seven and nine years; they were at school; she did not like them to lose such a *powerful* chance to learn to read and write. 'I tell you, missus, my children shan't grow up and not know when a book is upside down, *like poor white trash* and sich as me, if I can help it. Must they lose their learnin' if I go to nuss them folks?' Thinking over the matter, I promised that the children should have school privileges, food and shelter, and a dollar a week for herself as wages. The bargain pleased her, and we left with the understanding that she collect her worldly goods and chattels, and be ready to accompany Sammy to the

house of refuge the next day. This was done. Two days later, Sammy took them a load of wood and rations. We draw for some eight or ten families. Returning, he reported improvement in the appearance of things; the colored woman and her children were useful, and all parties well pleased. . . . . .

"The degrading influence of the system of slavery is not seen in more affecting colors than we see it here, in the slave-pen or on the rice plantations. I cannot put on paper the frightful abominations growing out of this hitherto cherished system. So accustomed have the whites grown to the ignoring of the whole of the decalogue where the slave is concerned, that they have almost ceased to recognize its binding power upon themselves. Half of the refugees coming here are as filthy in their morals as they are in their personal habits. We see hundreds of mulattoes, who are really whiter than most of the white folks, and yet they have been slaves, many of them of their own fathers, and speak of 'massa daddy' without feeling or knowing shame. Met a beautiful woman yesterday, clear complexion and gentle almond-shaped hazel eyes, whose manners were lady-like and her language remarkable, so much flexibility and beauty of expression, and yet in morals so degraded that she told, without any manifestation of shame, of her *four* husbands, and her surprise and pleasure at meeting two of them *free men*, when she supposed they were standing between their rebel masters and Yankee bullets. One of her husbands escaped with her, his master having lived near her. When asked, 'Why did you marry four husbands? Did you not know it was contrary to the law of God?' 'The law of God,' she exclaimed bitterly, 'what a mockery! Master and slaves can *have no God*, no law; they are away outside of all that. My husbands were sold because my master was jealous of them, but it did no good; when one was gone, I chose another.' 'Perhaps,' I suggested, 'your husbands were too intelligent. You read, of course,' and was about to add, 'they feared they might enlighten their fellows,' but she interrupted me. 'Read! I didn't

know a letter, nor did they; they thought they must keep us in the bondage of ignorance, and I hated its fetters more than I did those of slavery. I used to have murder in my heart when I saw white women read; and yet master Charles said he loved me.' She is now learning to read.

"I wish you could see the colored brigade drill. They are remarkably well-looking. When the drum beats, you will see spelling-books and slates stowed hurriedly away; not until the last moment will they give up their books, they are so eager for knowledge. I see such wonderful effects from this most wonderful of all wars, that I often feel awe-struck, and am more and more convinced that we are on the eve of wondrous changes. . . . . We are anxious to secure permission for the refugees to cultivate abandoned property around Nashville. Thousands of acres lie idle, whilst the men and women beg the privilege of cultivating it. This they cannot do unless it is fenced; you know soldiers leave no fences behind them. I have asked, that at least thirty acres be fenced for gardens for these poor creatures. The request has been approved and an order given to fence it. The officers are all disposed to help me help the refugees." . . . . .

The spirit is cheered and refreshed by the following extracts from a letter, dated April 6th, furnishing a strong contrast to the scenes through which we have been passing.

"Yesterday was one of my 'white stone days.' Went with Rev. Mr. Townsend and Mr. Ellar, of the Christian Commission, and a Miss Stites, of Michigan, to worship with the Third Ohio Cavalry. The Lord's supper was administered. After preaching, the congregation sitting on the ground facing the minister, those desiring to commune were requested to rise and to covenant (in a form, a copy of which I will try to send), in the presence of their comrades, to serve God with their whole hearts. Twenty-five noble-looking soldiers, a lieutenant-colonel, two majors in cavalry regiments—each battalion has a major—two captains, two lieutenants, the

others non-commissioned officers and privates, rose, and with tearful eyes and great apparent tenderness of feeling, assented to the covenant, which was read. After this they partook of that feast of which they shall not again partake until they sit down together in the upper sanctuary. They soon go to the front, and go probably to meet death, as it is one of the regiments without which battles are not fought. As we sat on the grass receiving the memorials of a Saviour's dying love, I thought of the companies of fifty who sat down on the ground nigh to the sea of Galilee, and I felt that Jesus was as really near to feed us, as He was to the five thousand in the wilderness, who from long fasting were ready to faint. At the close of the services, a father brought his son to introduce him, saying, as he did so, 'We are a happy family, wife and all, *one* in Christ, and we enjoy religion. My son and I spend many happy hours in our tent in communion with each other and the Lord. We have been in many battles together and felt death might be very near, but if it were, all would be well; heaven just as near as to our homes. Wife knows that, too, and so we go on our way rejoicing.' I wish you could have seen the faces of these two disciples, they reflected so much of the image of 'the one altogether lovely,' and their comrades told us they were just as good as they looked. Before the services began, two young soldiers drew nigh, whose serious deportment implied an interest in that table, (a camp chest), on which the elements were spread in the wilderness. Approaching them, I held out my hand, which was grasped eagerly, and said, 'I trust we are to sit down together to eat of the feast.' Tears filled his eyes as he replied, 'No, I have not on the wedding garment; I wish I had. I want to be a Christian, and wonder that I am not. I have one of the best mothers this side of heaven. I know she prays for me whenever she thinks of me, and that is most of the time, for I think she loves me as much as I love her, and she is not long out of my mind at a time.' His companion listened with moistened eyes, speaking in much the same

strain. They were lovely young men; my heart yearned over them. Where were their mothers as we stood under those trees with the symbols of 'the broken body and shed blood' before us? The time was, when the surroundings of this 'feast of love,' armed men and fortifications bristling with cannon, so out of keeping with its spirit, would have distracted, now they only seem to give it additional interest, and make us long for that time when the overturning of the nations shall have been accomplished, and righteousness and peace fill the whole earth.

"In the afternoon we visited the house of refuge nearest us. Found one old woman passing away. In reply to the question, 'Do you feel Jesus near?' she said, 'Yes, near!' Her son lay in the next room dying; his mind having been so much affected by disease that it was impossible to have any satisfactory conversation with him. In the attic we found two little children near to the kingdom, and were glad. The parents—both living, an unusual thing among refugees—being so indolent and ignorant as to unfit them to train their children for usefulness here or glory hereafter.

"Every day's experience increases my wonder at God's long suffering with us as a nation, so manifold and hideous are the evils of slavery, which we have so long fostered. You must see these poor white refugees to appreciate in any degree its dire effects upon them. Not one in hundreds that I have seen, read. Out of a large congregation to-day, only one read the hymns, and their ignorance of the requirements of the Gospel is frightful. It is a system that mocks at all virtue. Oh, what dupes we of the North have been, believing or acting as if we believed the 'Sunny South' a beautiful moral vineyard, basking in the sunlight of truth, God's truth! Shame upon us for 'changing the truth of God into a lie.'

"In the evening we went to Barracks No. 2. As we entered the yard, sounds of revelry met and startled us. When we entered the building, the passage was filled with veteran

soldiers returning to the field after a thirty days' furlough, many of them singing and whistling in entire forgetfulness of the day. They ceased, however, when they saw ladies, and the whisper went round, 'Here's women.' A passage was made for us through to the chapel (the building a spacious one, having been designed and used for a boys' school); here we found some soldiers, and were soon followed by others. Two or three candles were brought and a seat made for us on the platform. When the singing commenced, others came and crowded around us on the platform. After prayer, Dr. Donaldson read the parable of the prodigal son, and made it the subject of his remarks; a more interested and attentive audience was not seen in many places at home. Every eye was fixed on the speaker; no restlessness manifested, though all stood. After the service I talked a little to them for their mothers. Many of them wept; and as we passed out, many of these poor boys thanked me with choked utterance."

From this refreshing communion, and these attempts at the spiritual elevation of our soldiers, we are invited to look in at our colored troops with their spelling-books.

April 9th, 1864.—Our Secretary says: "You would be gratified at the fine appearance our colored troops make, and then they are so well behaved. Poor fellows! they are so anxious to learn to read. Three-fourths of the regiment spend hours over the spelling-book every day. They learn quickly. I have heard of some commencing with the alphabet and reading the Testament, in large print, in six weeks. I took the 15th regiment sixty slates and pencils; you ought to have seen the delight they gave. I go in occasionally and hear them recite when their teacher is with them; tell them Bible stories, and answer their questions, which are sometimes very droll. One said to me: 'I want to ax you, missis, am I gwine to see Abram up dar in de sky?' 'Father Abram,' I asked, 'or Uncle Abram?' 'De Abram what de Lord made.' 'Why the Lord made us all, don't you know that?' '*Yees* in

one way, but dat one dat de Lord made in petikeler.' 'Well, we think that the Lord raised up Abram Lincoln.' 'That dar's de man dis nigga wants to see.' 'But,' said I, 'he's not the Abram we read of in the Bible, called the Father of the faithful. May be you will sit down with him in the kingdom of heaven. You certainly will, if you love and please God, who gave his Son to die for you.' He scratched his head and said, 'I'd like mighty well to see de udder Abram first.'"

The following tribute to General Grant may not be unacceptable to our readers:

"April 14th, 1864.

"Did I ever tell you of two or three visits to General Grant, and of the high opinion we have all formed of his staff officers with whom we were brought in contact. The General, no matter what might be the press, always accorded me a patient hearing, and acted upon the spot. Monstrous abuses had grown up in regard to refugees. Government had ordered rations to be issued and shelter afforded. The business did not come properly under the control of the State administration, nor yet the military, and so the matter of caring for these poor unfortunates slid into the hands of bad men, who cared little for legitimate authority, provided they had the handling of the loaves and fishes, which failed in most cases to reach the poor suffering ones. Things in that direction, thanks to General Grant, are greatly improved. . . . . It has been one of the most disagreeable duties put upon me to report the mismanagement, and follow up the matter to the highest authority. Now all the Generals in command are thoroughly awake to the condition and claims of these suffering ones, so that the disagreeable work is over."

Mrs. H. speaks of five hundred sick soldiers in the Cumberland Hospital, whose diet is superintended by a corps of ladies, four in number, who come into her quarters occasionally to spend the night for rest and change.

We cannot withhold the following dark picture. Faithfulness to the cause of suffering humanity demands its presentation.

"April 18th, 1864.

"As you and other friends sit in your comfortable pews, listening to the words of life or joining in prayer and praise, none to molest or make you afraid, such scenes as these are occurring all along the great thoroughfares from the Gulf States to the Ohio.

"The cars stop at the Chattanooga depot. Soon men, women and children in faded homespun, the men and boys often in tattered army blue,—(much of the latter having belonged to our soldiers now filling graves on every hillside south of this,)—clamber out and off in every direction. Soon the cars are unloaded, the contents piled up pell-mell. This done, the owners of the property make their requisitions upon the pile; men, women and children at work, dragging out of the *conglomeration*, now a feather bed, a bread-bowl, a sieve, a string of gourds, a Dutch oven, andirons, our *chist* (the great institution of the family), a spinning-wheel, reel, bundles of yarn, &c. This done, they begin to look round and inquire where they are to go. After questioning perhaps a dozen passers-by, a good Samaritan is found who will give them a civil answer, and perhaps point in the direction of the refuge. As he is bearing his portion of their burden, another may come along and ask: 'Are you sending those poor people to that refuge over there? If they will take my advice they won't go there. No family that I ever heard tell on that went in there came out alive!' 'Why, I reckon! What do they do to them?' 'Do? They don't do nothing; but the small-pox, or the measles, or some other pesky thing takes hold of them, and down they go. I've seed more coffins go in there than I've seed live people come out.' By this time all the mothers and some of the fathers and most of the children have gathered

around, eyes and mouths wide open. If you look closely at the parents, you will see a convulsive twitching of the muscles of the face, the coat-sleeve or the skirt of the dress brushed hastily over their eyes, and an expression of helpless despair in face and attitude, which you will strive in vain to forget. A short consultation. 'We must go somewhar; can't stop here;' and by and by a wagon is secured, their heavy articles, chests, &c., piled in; the men mount the wagons, always taking the easiest place, whilst the women and children carry the small parcels, such as *babies*, bread-bowls, a few knives and forks, &c., and so the procession moves on, with what feeling we may not attempt to describe, but such we know as prepares them to yield to disease and death. Arriving at the grounds attached to the refuge their valuables are again thrown out, and again assorted; and as it happened this Sabbath morning, an ambassador of Christ, Dr. Donaldson, of the Christian Commission, was there, and in his name spoke to them, first singing a hymn, and carrying their wants and woes to the mercy-seat. I stood upon a high porch overlooking the whole scene. Hundreds of these newly arrived refugees, a very large proportion children, sat around on their *goods*, and though dirty and ragged, could not but respect them for the sorrows they had endured. There is something always sacred in the trials of little children. Many tears were shed and many sighs moaned out, which I doubt not reached heaven. The man of God, his gray hairs blown about by the wind, hands uplifted, telling Him who is our refuge and strength of the needs of these homeless, starving ones, who, as he prayed, closed up about him, reminded me of the Lord and Master. How many such groups would gather about him now, were he among us! He has not left us comfortless. When the services closed, one and another told how present he was as a Comforter; a woman of nearly fourscore exclaiming: 'I am an old woman, haven't many more sich hard times to see; but if I have, the good Lord will keer for me, as the

preacher tells. I never thought he would bring me over so many seas of trouble and then let me drown'd. Oh, he is powerful good!' A little boy, hearing her last words, asked, 'Who is so powerful good, granny?' 'Sonny, the Lord is good to *me*, and he will be good to you if you'll ax him; just see, we're no sooner here in this yere place than he sends his angels to cheer us.' Next, these newly arrived are surrounded by some who come from their neighborhood, who pour their stories of bereavement into their ears. As they are thus grouped a wagon stops near them, and three government coffins are taken out, all for little children. The sight appals; the little ones run to their mothers, and are seized almost convulsively, as if danger was apprehended. Oh, these coffins, what troublous thoughts they set in motion! And now these families protest they will not enter the house, and as I write a cold drizzling rain falls upon their unsheltered heads; to-morrow, they will be on their way North; they know not whither they go, only some vague idea of getting away from famine and the sword to a land of bread and peace.

To turn away from this dark picture, let me tell you of the services of Sabbath before last, in the 15th colored regiment. We were accompanied by Christian Commission delegates, one of whom is chaplain, and a very good one. The encampment was beautifully kept, and everything around wore a Sabbath-day expression. Went to the colonel's tent, a Christian gentleman; talked with much pride of his command, and he had reason. As the drums beat for worship the tents poured out fine stalwart-looking men, neat and clean, who formed in line in front, and company after company marched as ordered, and were soon formed in hollow square. The minister mounted a box, whilst the officers and other whites sat behind the speaker and fronting the congregation. The text was: 'Seeing ye are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.' The preacher alluded happily to the three classes who watched with intense interest the conduct of the colored troops, and

then made the Gospel application. A more attentive and appreciative audience could not be found. The intense desire for knowledge of all kinds, manifests itself in every way."

The sorrows and sufferings of the refugees still continue, notwithstanding all the efforts to mitigate them, as the following extracts from a letter, dated Nashville, April 22d, show:

"At this time there are fifteen women and children, all sick, lying upon three of those shapeless wooden bunks, not over four feet in width. My faithful old man, Sammy, has just come from the Home, whither he had carried corn-bread and milk, and tells me 'the bunks are not now so crowded; three of the fifteen lie in the dead-house, and two more are in the last struggle.'

"The sickness and mortality continue alarmingly great. A case of small-pox is carried out almost daily. Measles are still prevalent and fatal.

"You may remember some families, newly arrived, occupying the large lecture-room on the first floor. One of them numbered eleven, another twelve; the former now numbers four, the latter three: the others fill nameless graves, where they expected to find life.

"The lament of a mother yesterday, as she wiped the death-dews from the brow of her oldest son, a lad of thirteen, was: 'Oh! oh! I brought my little ones a mighty ways to git bread to keep soul and body together. Now I have bread, but no children to eat it. See there, my dear baby!' By the stove sat her husband, with their dead baby in his arms, the last two of a family of six, about to be carried out. 'All gone, you see. O Lord, take me! Please take a poor, broken-down mother.' The father held the baby in a close embrace, as if he would give his own life to it. Only the day before, the dying boy thought he was better, and told me in his simple way how he had tried to pray the prayer I had taught him, and how he thought the Lord, away up in the skies, where his sister and three brothers had gone, had taken pity on his

poor old mammy and daddy, and was *govan* to make him stout. 'When this war is over, we'll all go home to Tennessee;' adding, 'Won't you give me a spelling-book and clean pants then?' The little fellow is now at home, and the mother, at least, will soon follow; is now very sick. The father is quite aged, and has had paralysis: they may soon make an unbroken family in heaven: seem to be Christians.

"The Ewing House filled up with refugees. The past winter has witnessed such scenes as might make the very stones cry out against the authors of this fearful rebellion. I have seen twenty-three of the dead surrounded by their bereaved families or neighbors: believe many more died, of whom there is no record.

"The circumstances of these strangers have been pitiable in the extreme. There is some improvement there. We have commenced farming operations on a small scale. Not having yet secured fences, which 'the powers that be' promised to furnish, we use instead CHILDREN; hoping, by the time vegetation proves too inviting to stray horses—for cows there are none; have seen some to-day—to be easily turned aside, we will have some kind of wooden or stone fencing.

"The women have gone to work vigorously. Their habits of life have been such as to fit them for field-work; they handle a plough much more dexterously than a brush or broom. The majority of them regard houses as only designed for dormitories.

"Their beds, large feather ones, are made as ornamental as possible; woven counterpanes, of various designs and colors; patchwork quilts, elaborately stitched; knit valances, of ingenious device; pillow-cases, embroidered in designs borrowed from earth and sky, and about as true to the original as those which absorb our worsted-workers at home. Other furniture is deemed superfluous. The walls are hung, not with Gobelin tapestry, but better, with bunches of yarn. Before the war, a thrifty housewife prided herself upon her quantities of yarn

and piles of homespun, the latter ranged along the walls, neatly folded; blankets, sheets, counterpanes, and home-made in the web. Not a little skill is shown in the manner of folding and arranging; and then the toilet, a wrought piece of muslin, fringed or trimmed with lace, is quite an institution. It is thrown over the pile of homespun, and, next to the bed, is the most attractive ornament. It is quite common to hear the women bewailing their losses in some such strain as,—'The rebs cleaned us perty nigh bare of everything: had a power of homespuns, and just as nice toilets as ever you see, I reckon; allays had a web in, and a smart chance of cotton beforehand; allays reckoned on having a good crap. Me and my gals did a power of work.'

"You are aware that windows are considered more ornamental than useful; two-thirds of the houses out of towns have none. An intelligent woman from Middle Tennessee says: 'Nothing surprised us so much,' as she neared Nashville, 'as the many houses with a power of windows. My mother's house,' she added, 'had lights of glass at each end, and it was reckoned mighty well finished.' The absence of light may account for their filthy habits."

"Nashville, April 29th.

"No language can give you the feeblest conception of the state of things here. By military authority, the issuing of rations to citizens in the revolted States south of Nashville has been suspended. Thousands of old men, women and little children have starvation before them if they do not escape to the North. And when they do come North, helpless, meanly clad, and ignorant, they are treated with contempt. Poor creatures, how much they need our care and sympathy! . . . Hurried on in cattle-cars from point to point; now their little all thrown into the dirt, the rain falling upon it; then the dust, which fills the air after a few days of dry weather; soon a mortar hardens upon bedding, clothing, &c. No opportunity for wash-

ing occurs. I saw a man yesterday, one of our soldiers, acting as scout, who had not had a change of clothing since November, and a woman since February; both had been hiding from the rebels, the latter suspected of having assisted her brother to escape from the army. It was so. They exchanged clothing. She wore two suits of woman's apparel; found him on picket, gave him one suit, and took his to cut down for her youngest brother. Unfortunately, in her desire to cripple the rebels by taking her brother's musket, she exposed her own life. A party of guerrillas, stopping to get some refreshment, heard or saw something which created suspicion of her *loyalty*, and proposed, after various threats, to search the premises. The musket was in a feather-bed and loaded. One bed was examined carefully. Whilst this was going on, one of the number remarked with an oath, 'Don't waste your time; you will have your pains for your gains.' So saying, he thrust his carbine under the other bed, and threw it off with such force, that in falling the gun was heard to rattle. The next moment a sabre ripped up the bed, and in so doing the gun was fired, but without injury to any one, except, as you may suppose, to the poor woman, her brother, and two children. (Her husband is in our army.) Questions followed, and threats of hanging. She was just about to confess all, when some sound, unnoticed by her, caught their ear. One of the number called out, 'The Yanks, by ——!' and off they rushed, seizing one of the children by the head, shaking him as they passed. They were soon out of sight. Neither she nor the children saw any 'Yanks,' but a few horses; after, they heard firing, but did not know at what distance. She then took to the mountains, and lived as best she might. Her baby died of croup, soon after this occurrence; her brother and the other little one lived till they reached Memphis. There they died three weeks since of measles, and now she waits for her husband; his time of service she thinks will soon be out. She, I fear, will not live to see him. Such recitals are so common in my

experience that they almost cease to interest. All I want to know is that matters end well. Nothing that I have seen in romances exceeds the realities of life as they occur about us. We have schools, but not with the regularity I could wish. . . . . The great movement commences to-day. Fighting will not probably begin before Tuesday or Wednesday. Peradventure God may yet spare us a destructive battle."

Under the same date: "I am deeply anxious in regard to the movements this day inaugurated. Where! oh, where will they lead? Nashville has been threatened for some time; for a day or two this week a busy and not unamusing scene presented itself. A large number of dismounted cavalrymen, whose services were needed, must have horses. A squad of soldiers was placed at the head of the principal thoroughfares in the city, with orders to seize every horse not having the mark of the United States upon it. Hundreds of equestrians found themselves pedestrians, and many women and men were left seated *comfortably* in their carriages minus the needful horses, just in sight of town, to which business, duty, or pleasure called them. The loud tones and passionate gesticulations of some, the gentle remonstrances of others, were alike unheeded. Horses we must have; the enemy were scouring the country, taking off every horse and mule in their track. Milkmen were left with their carts, permission having been given in some cases to retain the horses long enough to distribute milk to hospitals. We lost ours, so the poor little refugees went breakfastless. The spirit of secession is the dominant one here, so you may suppose many an angry man and woman found themselves not only in an uncomfortable state of body, but also of mind. A thousand horses we are told, were secured by the operation. I have no doubt but that many of these horses belonged to rebels, and would, if occasion offered, be used against us, but upon some, the loss fell heavily. The government price, $145, was guaranteed the owners. Have since heard that a number have been returned

upon proof of the livelihood, not only of the owners, but the lives of people in town who depended for daily supplies upon them, would be endangered, if the market facilities were destroyed. What an abominable thing war is ! every feature in its visage is horrible. . . . . Its effect as seen upon Christians is alarming, and then to think of the mockery at the sorrows of the sick and dying soldiers and their families, as seen in the late exhibitions at fairs. Where, oh, where are we drifting? Some new horrors must await us, if we are really to be that nation whose God is the Lord. Every new development is, however, calculated to increase the patriot's faith in the final destruction of the so-called Southern Confederacy; attest Fort Pillow and its fiendish massacre. The poor blacks have a wonderful part in this great drama. Surely our God is preparing them for some great work. The gentlemen of the Christian Commission are doing much for them in every department, providing religious instruction and helping them to secular knowledge. The desire for education is very remarkable. The revival of *letters* has commenced and goes on with power."

In preparing this report, letters of deep interest and containing much information have necessarily been omitted, but large extracts have been made from most of those received, and it is hoped sufficient has been presented to satisfy the friends of the Association that their work is not in vain. While so much sympathy and aid have been extended to the refugees, the sick among our soldiers have been under constant care.

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to those who have adhered to us from the commencement of our operations, and to all who have or do aid us, and while we wish success to those who in this great common cause have left us and selected other channels, we feel that no one can read the sketch of labor performed by the agents of this association,

without estimating the value of woman's influence. This is woman's work! 'Tis neither Sanitary Commission nor Christian Commission, but 'tis woman with her own native ministries, without noise, without parade, moving upon the rough natures with which she comes in contact and lifting them out of the abyss into which they too often have sunk.

To the Telegraph, Railroad, and Express Companies, to the Pastor and Trustees of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, for the use of their rooms in which our meetings are held, also to the Managers of the Bible Society for the use of a storage room, and very specially to Mr. J. P. Rhoads, for his valuable services and great kindness, we owe our grateful acknowledgments.

To Mrs. John Haseltine for the sum of seven hundred dollars, raised by her to aid discharged soldiers, not otherwise provided for, to reach their homes, we are also under obligations. This branch has been put under the care of a reliable gentleman, whose business it is to examine into every case, pay the fare, and see the applicant on his way.

For the ability to relieve the families of suffering soldiers, we are indebted to an unknown friend in California, who at different times, over the signature of W. W., has remitted to us $550. With this amount we have relieved eighty-eight suffering families. The sum is now exhausted, and special reports of all appropriations have been made to the donor.

This report is closed on this 9th day of May, while the Army of the Potomac is again passing through the ordeal of blood. While the desire and expectation of our leaders in every part of the field is to bring this war to a speedy close by a determined prosecution of it at all hazards, let us not lag in our work, but be ever ready with the oil and wine of temporal comforts, as well as of heavenly ministrations.

Respectfully submitted.

May 9th, 1864.

Received at 701 *Walnut Street, from November* 1*st to April* 30*th.*—From Newtown, 3 boxes, 1 barrel, 1 keg; Hartsville, 4 boxes, 1 keg; Lower Merion, 6 boxes, 3 packages; Salem, N. J., 4 boxes, 1 barrel; Cedarville, N. J., 2 boxes; St. Paul's Church, Phila., 6 boxes, 2 for Cherokees; Frankford, 2 boxes, and a number of packages; Salisbury, 1 box; Buckingham, 3 boxes; Greenwich, N. J., 2 boxes, 1 barrel; Bridgeton, 5 boxes; Churchville, 1 barrel; Hoboken, 2 barrels; Norristown, 2 boxes; Pennsylvania Relief Association, 3 boxes, 1 barrel; Unknown, 3 boxes, 3 barrels; Hopewell, N. J., 2 boxes; Greenhill, 4 boxes, 1 bag; Beverly, N. J., 1 box; Absecom, 2 boxes; Hancock's Bridge, 2 boxes; Chester Valley, 3 boxes, 3 barrels; Watson's Bakery, 4 barrels; Miss M. A. Patterson, Phila., 1 box; Mrs. Randolph, 2 boxes, 1 barrel; Mrs. Husbands, 1 box; a gentleman, 1 box of Testaments for Cherokees; 18th Ward, Phila., 1 box; Mrs. M. Newkirk, 1 keg; New England Society of Phila., 1 barrel; Mrs. Perry, 1 bundle; Elizabeth, N. J., 1 box; Hopewell Relief Society, 1 box. Omitted in the last report, 6 boxes from Salem, N. J. Also in the previous report, 2 boxes from the same place.

Received on Fridays, the days of meeting, at the Rooms, corner of Walnut and Twelfth Streets.—From Shiloh, N. J., 1 box; Miss Nolan's School, 1 box; Mr. F. Brown, box of medicines; Mrs. Gimber, for her husband in Libby prison, 2 boxes; Miss A. E. Watson, West Winsted, Conn., for Mrs. Harris, 1 box; through Mrs. Cowell, for Mr. Winans, prisoner at Belle Isle, 1 box; knit stockings, 480 prs.; mittens, 102 prs.; handkerchiefs, 69; arm-slings, 50; shirts, 69; drawers, 53; wristlets, 8; blanket, 1; towels, 18; knit scarfs, 3; helmet, 1; pillow-cases, 3; slippers, 1 pr. From Miss S. Field's Sunday-school Class: housewives, 100; sewing-bags, 60; worn overcoat, pants, coats, vests, shirts, drawers, hats, caps. From Princeton: 72 housewives; large quantity of clothing for the Cherokees. Quantities of old linen and muslin, lint, carpet, drugget, cloth, bandages, pins, tapes, needles, sewing cotton,

thread, tracts, magazines, periodicals, pamphlets, books, newspapers, and other reading matter. Hyson tea, beef-tea in cakes, pickles, preserved fruits, jellies, wild cherry brandy, Madeira, sherry and currant wines, raspberry vinegar, spiced pear vinegar, ginger, cough lozenges, dried rusks, farina, corn-starch, rice flour.

Appropriations to Mrs. Harris, at Nashville, 8 boxes. In consequence of the difficulty of transportation, money has been forwarded to Mrs. Harris in place of further supplies.

Lieutenant W. F. Randolph, Libby prison, 14 boxes, 1 barrel; General Hospital, Annapolis, Md., 9 boxes, 2 barrels; Captain Gimber, Libby prison, 2 boxes; Captain Hazard, Fortress Monroe, 2 boxes; Private J. H. Winans, prisoner at Belle Isle, 1 box; Mrs. Painter, at Brandy Station, Va., 5 boxes; Mrs. Husbands, Brandy Station, 12 boxes, 3 barrels; Culpeper, Va., 2 boxes; Libby Prison, 1 box; Captain Shell, Libby Prison, 1 box; Mrs. James Cameron, Nashville, 1 box; Mrs. Denham, Washington, D. C., 1 box; Miss Chase, Nashville, 1 box; Mrs. May, Nashville, 1 box; Surgeon Satterthwaite, 1 box; Dr. W. Robinson, Hilton Head, S. C., 1 box; Mrs. Hancock, Brandy Station, 1 box; large quantity of supplies to Fort Mifflin, through Mrs. Floyd; supplies for Filbert St. Hospital, Christian Street Hospital, Turner's Lane Hospital, West Philadelphia Hospital; two large boxes for Cherokees.

Statement of Receipts and Payments from November 1st, 1863, to April 30th, 1864.

BY MRS. STEPHEN COLWELL, TREASURER.

	Dr.		*Cr.*
Cash on hand November 1, 1863,	$204 83	Expended in November, 1863,	$551 69
Received in November, 1863,	380 80	" December, "	901 13
" December, "	1,221 25	" January, 1864,	247 54
" January, 1864,	406 20	" February, "	248 98
" February, "	771 50	" March, "	617 10
" March, "	111 75	" April,	
" April,		Balance on hand April 30, 1864,	529 89
	$3,096 33		$3,096 33

Whole amount of money received to October 31, 1863, the date of last report, . $17,517 75
Amount received last half year to April 30, 1864, ... 3,096 33

$20,614 08

W. W. Fund, contributed by a gentleman of San Francisco, for the relief of soldiers' families, $550 00

Expended previous to	Nov. 1, 1862,	$229 50
" "	May 1, 1863,	188 00
" "	Nov. 1, 1863,	117 50
" "	April 30, 1864,	15 00
		$550 60

January 22, 1864. Received of Mrs. Hazeltine, to assist sick or disabled soldiers to their homes, ... $700 00

Upon this sum interest has accrued at the rate of five per cent.

PACKAGES, with FREIGHT PREPAID, may be sent to LADIES' AID, care of J. P. RHOADS, 701 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, or on Fridays to the Church, corner of Twelfth and Walnut Streets. A list of contents should accompany each package.

Money may be remitted, and letters addressed to either of the subscribers.

MRS. JOEL JONES,
President Ladies' Aid, 625 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. STEPHEN COLWELL,
Treasurer Ladies' Aid, N.E. corner Eleventh and Arch Sts., Philada.

MRS. JOHN HARRIS,
Secretary Ladies' Aid, 1106 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Many of the contributors to our funds having objected to the publication of their names, it has been deemed best to withhold all. They are all entered upon our books, which may be inspected at any time.